# For Your Eyes Only

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# For Your Eyes Only

by slashyrogue

Summary

Hannibal really only comes to the viewing because they pay his way, all expenses no matter the cost, and he enjoys his superiority even if he has no plans on choosing a bought sexual plaything.

That all changes, of course, when a young man who looks like he's just stepped out of a Botticelli painting is brought in front of him and his obedience is countered by the angry fists at his sides.

Will.

He decides he wants to build Will up from the scared plaything he's been raised to be.

And then break him.

But....things do not go according to plan.

ON HIATUS TILL COMPLETE

# Chapter 1

It's a privilege to be a thoroughbred alpha, and Hannibal Lecter makes sure he gets all the benefits.

Like the one he was about to indulge in tonight.

His life of solitude had never quite bothered him, content to find an omega or otherwise when the mood struck, and though he knew in time he would want to carry on his family name it wasn't a priority.

But the breeding houses were persistent, and they offered him a private viewing.

"The top of the line," they said.

Hannibal really only comes to the viewing because they pay his way, all expenses no matter the cost, and he enjoys his superiority even if he has no plans on choosing a bought sexual plaything this evening.

That all changes, of course, as they parade terrified waiflike omegas who hardly look up at him that project confidence while seeming anything but.

"...and Adam is…"

"Are all of them so meek?" he asks, sipping from his wine glass, poured from a bottle of Chateau Lafitte Rothschild that is near perfection, "I understand you shape them to be this way, but are there not others who at the very least will look me in the eye?"

The woman in charge of parading them around glares at him as she stands next to a dark haired female omega she has yet to name. "Our alphas and omegas are the most well-bred in the country, Dr. Lecter. That is why they cost so much and there has yet to be an unsatisfied customer."

Hannibal smiles as he takes another sip. "Then I certainly hope you have someone interesting to show me next."

She angrily pushes the dark haired omega into the bedroom she already has the rest herded inside, and practically into the connected room slamming the door. His amusement is vast as he imagines her panic, and checks his watch.

It's nearly nine.

They haven't much time, as he only promised an hour of his.

The door opens again and he doesn't look up, pouring himself another glass, and the woman's voice doesn't change that.

“This…is Will. He is twenty one, well bred and untouched. He…is also quite obedient. Aren’t you, Will?”

It’s the voice that draws his attention for the first time.

“Yes, Ma’am.”

Hannibal looks up, startled, and finds himself staring at a young man who looks as if he’s been plucked out of a Botticelli painting. His curls are perfectly styled, eyes slightly glazed from what Hannibal suspects are sedatives, a slight brush of beard on his chin, and when he looks at his handler he seems just like all the others.

Except his hands are balled into fists.

“Take off your clothes,” Hannibal says, making the omega look at him, “Now.”

He’s wearing a suit, a bit less expensive than the one Hannibal himself is wearing but quite stylish in a light gray. Will seems to have no shame as he does as he’s told, stopping at each piece of clothing to fold it perfectly, and when he’s in nothing but tight white briefs Hannibal stops him.

“Leave us.”

The woman nods.

“You know the rules, yes? You cannot penetrate him, or leave any marks that will scar.”

Hannibal looks Will up and down, and the thought that other alphas have perhaps pleasured him in any way makes him irrationally angry.

“Has he been left with others before?”

“Several.”

“How many?”

“I believe…”

“Twenty one,” Will answers, never once looking away, “Twenty one, Alpha.”

Twenty one.

His lip curls. “Leave us now, and take all of the rest with you. How long am I to be given?”

“You have my number, and we will be in room 100. All you have to do is dial.”

“Go.”

Will stands there, looking entirely comfortable, and yet Hannibal sees his hands still in fists.

He's not comfortable, not really, and the thought is quite arousing that he can make this obedient mate-for-sale even more so.

The omegas that came with Will all parade by, not looking up once, and when the door closes behind them all Hannibal walks over to lock it tight.

"Go to the bedroom, take off your briefs, and begin masturbating. Do not ejaculate but do not stop. I will join you shortly."

Will doesn't hesitate, leaving at once, and Hannibal feels his cock stir.

Obedience is always appealing in most situations, especially for a thoroughbred, and yet he has a feeling this particular obedience can easily be changed. He picks up his phone and calls the bank, moving around more than enough money to buy Will if he decides. They don't question why, not once, and when he's finished he slowly walks towards the bedroom smelling Will's slick even before he's stepped a foot inside.

Will is a sight when he finally does: flat on his back, fingers inside his wetness, and moaning like a wanton whore. He is a whore, really, and the thought is less appealing than his obedience. Hannibal has an irrational anger at Will's past, and walks over to pull his hand away from his own pleasure smiling as Will whimpers.

"That's enough," he growls, "You are here for my pleasure, Omega. Have you been so easily ordered by the others who've…been alone with you?"

Will's cheeks are flushed as he nods, licking his lips while a slight whimper comes out of him again.

"I…I do as I'm told, Alpha."

Hannibal grabs his hair roughly and pulls, smiling as he cries out in pain.

"Are you?"

"Y…yes."

Hannibal touches his lips, licking his own, and lets him go with a slight push back toward the bed.

"Suck my cock, Omega," he says, "And…stroke your own but do not come. If you do…I will be very angry."

Will looks slightly worried at the request but reaches for Hannibal's belt, opening it with shaking hands. He says nothing as he exposes his hardness, as if he's done it so often already and he's sure he has. Hannibal grabs his hair as he leans in to lick him, and before he can even attempt to slowly pleasure him Hannibal thrusts into his open mouth. Will is startled but relaxes his mouth as Hannibal fucks his face, tears stinging his eyes, and he growls.

"I told you to stroke yourself. Are you such a desperate, greedy whore that this distracts you from a simple task, Omega? Are you?"

Will's scent, obviously drenched in scent blockers before, becomes distressed as tears fall down his cheeks but he doesn't fight just lets Hannibal continue even as he angrily pushes him down onto the bed. He knows it's not ideal, or even safe, but holds the headboard still continuing as Will starts to gag.

"Look at you," he growls, "Such a meek, useless waste who would let himself be used this way. You…"

He comes with a groan, and feels Will tense up to do the same. It's not what he asked and his sudden anger is overblown when he pulls out smacking Will across the face.

"CAN YOU NOT DO A SIMPLE TASK?!?"

Will's lip starts to quiver. "I…I'm sorry, Alpha," he whispers hoarsely, "I…I didn't mean to…I…"

Hannibal angrily grabs Will and puts him across his lap. "Perhaps you'll enjoy this punishment," he hisses, "Perhaps it's what you wanted all along, Omega. Perhaps…"

He slaps his bare ass, and Will whimpers. "Did the others treat you so harshly, slut?" he growls, "Did they?"

"Y…yes."

Hannibal hits him again harder.

"Did you like it? Did you?"

Will is shaking against him and he can feel his cock stirring again.

"N…no," he says, his voice thick, "I…I…I don't….I….I wanted to…hurt them back."

Hannibal pauses, surprised, and grabs Will's waist and pulls him up into his lap as tears fall down the young omega's cheeks.

"Did you?"

"Please," he begs, "I didn't mean it, I…I didn't…I'm good, I'll be good. I can…you can hit me again! You…"

Hannibal feels a sudden upset when Will grabs his hand, and he instead gently touches his cheek.

There's fear in his scent, his face, and even his body. It's clogging the room up as he holds him close, and yet there's something else.

Anger.

Will is holding back, desperately trying to do as he's told, and Hannibal feels oddly compelled to try to break him completely.

He wants to watch Will's control fall apart and…then build it back up again.

And again.

And again.

Hannibal smiles.

"You look exquisite when you cry," he says softly, fingers still brushing his cheek, "Have the others told you that, Will?"

He nods. "Y…yes, Alpha."

Hannibal kisses him softly, and tastes his own ejaculate on Will's tongue as he feels him relax enough to kiss back.

"No one but me ever will again."

Will's eyes widen. "You…you want to buy me, Alpha?"

"Would you like that, Will? Would you like to have a permanent home?"

Will hesitates before he nods, and the slight glimpse into the omega Will could have been if he'd not been raised as a product makes him more than excited, "Yes, Alpha."

He smiles. "Go shower and redress after. I have a phone call to make."

Will does as he's told, heading into the bathroom, and Hannibal picks up the phone dialing only for the woman in charge to answer.

"Am I to retrieve him now?"

He smiles. "Tell me where to send the money. I've decided to keep him."

She pauses.

"He's very sought after," she says, "I have six others interested in him, and offering…"

"Name a price and I'll pay it."

"Ten million."

Hannibal smiles. "Ten? Your constant brochures told me the most I would pay is five."

"He's very sought after."

"Six."

"Nine."

"Seven."

She pauses. “He’s been thoroughly checked, and is of prime breeding age. His mother is of the upper crust, but she left his low bred father to mate well. His father sold him when he was four. He has consistent heats every single month that often last for over a week if he’s deprived of release.”

Hannibal’s cock stirs. “Eight.”

“Done,” she says, “Pleasure doing business with you, Dr. Lecter. Here are the details.”

He sends the money, feeling so pleased he can hardly contain himself, and strips before he walks into the bathroom. Will startles when he steps into the shower, looking nearly finished, and he pulls him in close as their wet naked bodies touch while he sucks on his neck.

“You’re mine now,” he growls, “All mine.”

Will is trembling against him even under the warmth of the spray.

“What do you want to do with me now, Alpha?” he asks.

Hannibal smiles. “Everything.”

# Chapter 2

Will's fear of him seems to be at war with his happiness at being finally bought, and it's a sight to see after they leave the bathroom. Hannibal gently leads him out after a thorough washing, careful to note any lasting scars that were made by other inferior prospective buyers but only finding two.

There is one on Will's belly, obviously made by a knife, a shallow cut that he did not notice before and knows he will have to remake as his own or the jealousy will fester greatly. The other is behind his left ear, almost too grizzly to go unnoticed, but with his longer hair it's easily hidden.

Someone, it seems, attempted to cut off Will's ear entirely.

It was obviously done when he was young, too young, and has healed but he wonders how long it took for the rules of the Breeding House to come to pass.

"Will."

Will pauses when his name is called and turns looking at him with wide eyes. "Yes, Alpha?"

Hannibal puts a finger under his chin and lifts it up to make their gazes meet.

"How many scars do you have?"

Will's face contorts in obvious upset before he stoically relaxes away any emotions he might have at the question. "I'm sorry, Alpha," he says, "I…I've been told not to answer that question."

Hannibal grabs his chin hard enough to make him whimper. "By whom? Your handler who is no longer here?"

"Alpha…"

"Answer the question, Will, or I will make more right this very moment."

Will's eyes widen. "Ten."

He blinks. "Ten?"

A tear falls down Will's cheek. "Y…yes, Alpha."

"Where are the other eight?"

Will whimpers. "I…I don't…"

Hannibal growls and cannot resist using his alpha voice.

“WHERE ARE THE OTHER EIGHT?”

“My toes,” Will whimpers, “In…in between my…my toes.”

Hannibal is oddly taken aback at the confession enough that his lip curls, and he lets go of Will’s chin to turn him around. He pushes Will all the way to the bed, even onto it, and lifts his left leg up to look between his toes. They are jagged, obviously from the same monster who nearly took his ear, and Hannibal’s sudden shock makes him let Will’s foot fall from his hand.

“Present for me,” he growls, “And take off the robe.”

Will does as he is told, sniffling, and throws the robe before Hannibal stares at his perfectly round backside. He looks as if he was crafted to perfection, even the scars he has hardly change that, and Hannibal licks his own palm stroking to get hard but finds it difficult.

He cannot help but think of Will’s scars, angry at the distraction, and pushes him down before he lays on top of him. Will’s whole body is shaking, his scent is still distressed, and while before the prospect of ruining him made Hannibal ache to want to fuck him now he just wants to mark.

“Your…your ear.”

Will hisses. “I can hear just fine,” he says, sounding angry, “I…it…I can grow my hair longer, Alpha, if you…”

Hannibal leans in, and presses his nose to Will’s injured ear making him tense up.

“Who gave it to you?”

“I…why are you….”

“You’re mine now, Omega,” Hannibal growls, “I have every right to ask you whatever I please. Don’t I? You told me before you do as you’re told, and now you fight because you think you can? Is that how this works?”

Will shakes his head. “No, Alpha, I…I apologize.”

“Tell me.”

Will lays his head down on the bed, closing his eyes, and Hannibal wonders just where he’s going in his mind.

“His…his name was Randall,” he whispers, his voice shaking, “He…he was the first.”

Hannibal pauses. “The first?”

“The first alpha to see me privately,” Will explains, letting out a long breath, “He…I was… very young.”

“And he did the feet as well?”

“Y…yes.”

“The woman?”

“She fined him,” Will says, his voice thick, “He…he was banned from buying again.”

Hannibal growls. “That was all?”

“Yes.”

“And the stomach?”

Will opens his eyes and looks back at him. “Mason Verger.”

Hannibal knows Mason, more than most, and the thought he had his hands on Will before Hannibal even knew Will existed makes him irrationally angry. “You were lucky to get away with just the one.”

“Y…yes.”

“You must not have cried for him.”

Will makes a noise not unlike a laugh, but more a sob, and Hannibal battles the instinct to comfort him but only turns him over.

“I don’t…I don’t know why you asked,” he whispers, looking at Hannibal through his tears, “They…they tell us not to answer but that no one will ask.”

Hannibal shakes his head. “All alphas would ask,” he says, his fingers brushing the mark Mason left.

“Why?”

“Because we want to know who we need to crush,” he says, letting out a low growl, “Who to kill.”

Will whimpers. “Would you kill for me, Alpha?” he asks, making Hannibal look up again.

Hannibal digs his nails into the mark Mason left, making Will wince, and he knows he won’t draw blood but the thought his marks will still be there later ease his growing need.

“I own you, Omega,” he says, “I’ve bought you, and now you’re mine. I…I own you.”

A tear falls down Will’s cheek. “You won’t…you’re angry.”

Hannibal pins him down with his body again, and the still distressed scent Will emits does nothing to quell his building desire. He gives into the need to claim, teeth aching, and while he knows he won't mate with his property tonight he still wants to experience what he's taken the time to buy.

"Not at you," he says, "But…that does not mean I'll be gentle."

Will shivers. "Alphas never are."

He cups Will's chin, squeezing just enough to make him gasp, and kisses him hard. Will has experience with such force, most likely he's been all but fucked over the years, and Hannibal bites his lip to leave more marks he knows Will be his alone. He tastes blood and his cock twitches, rising to the occasion, and when he pulls back Will gasps for breath as a tear falls down his cheek.

"Present for me."

Hannibal moves back enough for Will to do as he's told, on his hands and knees even as he struggles to stay that way. He's not slicking, not yet, and despite how much he wants to break him Hannibal will not be that kind of monster.

He slowly comes up to Will's backside, pressing in two fingers, and feels him tense at the intrusion.

"Have you touched yourself here?" he asks, moving his fingers, "Played with your wetness?"

Will lets out a breath even as he can feel him trembling still.

"Y…yes."

He moves his fingers faster, hearing his intake of breath, and can smell his slick already beginning.

"Alone?"

Will whimpers, arching back against his ministrations, and he moves them faster still.

"N…no, Alpha," he whispers, "They…they watched me."

"They?"

"The…the instructors," Will says, groaning as Hannibal pulls his fingers out, "And…the… the alphas."

He pauses.

"Other alphas have put their fingers inside you?"

"Y…yes."

Hannibal growls. “They said no penetration.”

Will’s voice shakes so badly when  he answers Hannibal has to hold onto his torso to keep him from collapsing onto the bed.

“There…there was not always…so many rules.”

He pauses.

“Have you been sullied, Will? Are you a taken whore?”

Will lets out a distress cry and turns his head. “No, no!” he says, tears on his cheeks, “No cocks, no…no knots. Just…just…just fingers and…other things.”

Hannibal takes his hands and runs both down Will’s backside, nails digging in as he whimpers. The marks make him calmer, easing the need to press the omega down and take him without this preamble.

“Objects?”

“Y…yes.”

“Did you enjoy that?”

Will lets out a sob. “No, Alpha.”

Hannibal leans in close and spreads Will’s ass cheeks open to reveal his hole, barely wet but no less welcoming.

“Have you ever enjoyed it, Will?”

Will whimpers, and his distressed scent is so heavy Hannibal’s excitement dwindles.

This will just not do.

“N…no,” he says, his voice thick, “N…never.”

Hannibal leans in even further and licks across Will’s hole making him moan. “Would you like to?”

“Alpha…”

“I may not always be so generous, Omega,” he says, watching the gush of slick that comes from him, “Answer me.”

“Yes, please, please…pl…”

Hannibal shoves his face against Will’s hole, spreading quick licks across as he moans. This is Will’s first pleasure, and it’s his alone, even if he may not give him the same later. His mood is generous, the instincts taking over, and when he shoves his tongue inside Will cries out rocking back against his face as a torrent of slick comes to him. It’s so sweet, desperately

so, and Hannibal reaches for his cock stroking as Will falls apart. He hears him keening, shaking with desire, and when he stops it's just before he's ready to come. Will whimpers when he pulls his tongue out, licking once more for a tease, and he turns him over without thought.

Will's cheeks are flushed, his scent so filled with desire he feels he could drown in it, and when he lifts his legs Will lets out a purr.

A purr.

For him.

It's either the first of many, or the last.

Hannibal isn't sure.

He thrusts in without a word, grunting at the feel of the omega's warm tightness for the first time. Will groans, diggins his nails into Hannibal's back, and he has a desperate urge to bite him.

So he does.

It's not a mating bite, or even a tease.

He bites Will's nipple so hard he screams, the taste of his blood making Hannibal growl, and he lifts his leg up to change the position as Will whimpers at the pain.

"Alpha…please…"

Hannibal looks at him, still inside, and he knows Will can see the blood on his mouth.

"Do not come, Will," he says, his voice shaking, "If you come I will punish you again."

Will whimpers, shaking still, and tears fall down his cheeks. "Yes, Alpha."

"Promise me."

"I…I promise."

He begins again, smashing their mouths together, and thrusts harder and harder without ever touching Will once. Will is tense under him, straining himself, and Hannibal can feel his knot ready to lock as he pulls back for breath.

The worry in Will's eyes makes him want to push him over the edge just to see him fail, and he smiles.

"Good boy," he says, touching his cheek, "Be good for me until I tell you, yes?"

Will nods, gasping for breath, and Hannibal pulls out of him entirely. He turns him over, pressing his nose to Will's neck as he breathes in his scent deeply, and begins again.

He begins to fuck him in earnest, turning Will's cheek to watch every bit of Will's pain as he struggles. Hannibal moans, teeth aching, and when he realizes he's too close he can't resist.

Will hisses as he grabs his cock, stroking, and he glares at him the hidden creature of anger coming out fast.

"Not…fair…"

Hannibal smiles as Will comes, spilling in his palm, and his knot locks moments later. He turns them onto their sides, shaking as he spills inside him, and he can smell the delicious mix of pain, pleasure, and anger in Will so close.

"How should I punish you?"

"You—"

Will stops himself from arguing, obviously angry, and Hannibal smiles.

"Not so obedient when you're angry? Not a good boy anymore, whore?"

He turns to look at him.

"I…I'm sorry, Alpha," he says, obviously not, "I…I tried."

Hannibal grips his chin hard. "Yes, you did."

Tears fill Will's eyes. "Are you going to hurt me?"

Hannibal scents his cheek, ignoring the question, and he feels him relax slightly. His knot pulses inside Will, and will for quite some time, which only makes the tension as Will waits for his punishment grow.

"Your father sold you."

"Y…yes."

"Why?"

Will begins to tremble, and his whimper gives Hannibal pause.

"I was…told….I look like my…mother."

Hannibal sighs. "Doubtful," he mumbles, "You're quite beautiful, and to diminish your beauty as punishment was more than likely a tactic to wear you down."

Will looks back at him in surprise. "They lied to me?"

"It's very likely, yes."

He blinks. "Oh."

Hannibal pulls him closer, nuzzling his neck, and feels his heart beating fast against his hand.

“You’re worried about your punishment.”

“Y…yes.”

“I could hit you again,” he says, lips to Will’s injured ear, “Or bite your ear off.”

Will freezes.

“Will you?”

“Bite your ear?”

“Y…yes.”

“How old were you when you were cut by Randall?”

Will is quiet.

Too quiet.

“Answer me.”

“Eleven.”

Hannibal sighs. “An omega is not even able to conceive until their first heat.”

“I had my first heat when I was ten.”

Hannibal’s lip curls.

“I see.”

They’re both quiet as Hannibal’s knot pulses inside Will still, and he makes no move to harm him.

Though he will.

It’s already been decided.

Hannibal sighs.

“I will wait to punish you,” he says finally, feeling Will’s relief, “Until after I take you home.”

Will doesn’t say a word.

He doesn’t have to.

Hannibal is not being generous, not really, if anything his proclamation is much more ominous though Will's lack of scent change means he doesn't realize the alarm. He has many more weapons at home, more than anyone would suspect, and knows just how to use them all properly to emit the most pain.

And Will is his to do with as he pleases.

He kisses Will's ear.

"Sleep," he says, "I will cleanse us both and…not touch you again tonight."

Will sighs.

"Yes, Alpha."

Hannibal waits for Will to fall asleep, all the way until his knot deflates, but he doesn't. Will doesn't trust him, and he understands that. Perhaps, in time, he will.

He only hopes he does.

So he can betray his trust not long after.

# Chapter 3

He wakes before Will the next morning, finding it promising that the omega's trust is already building if he's so comfortable, and throws on a robe to walk into the next room to order breakfast. There could be dietary restrictions Will has, or even preferences, but he doesn't take that into account just ordering plain eggs, sausage, fruit, and juice for Will while adding coffee for himself. He doesn't shower, knowing that he's going to want to fuck the omega again, though the timing will depend on his mood.

Hannibal goes into the bedroom and sits on the edge of the bed watching Will's blissful sleep.

Did he have his own space at the breeding house or did they stack them all together like chattel?

It's odd, wanting to know more about someone who is essentially his property, but he finds he is interested. Perhaps his instincts are making him care more than he had first expected. Hannibal leans in and smells Will's contentment, a sweet smell not unlike his slick but much less pungent. He finds he cannot resist scenting his cheek, and Will purrs in response his arm coming around Hannibal's shoulder to keep him close.

He surprises himself by not pushing him away, and scents his other cheek enjoying the purring.

Strange.

Will whimpers when Hannibal presses his nose near his scarred ear, obviously sensitive, and when he flinches in response Hannibal growls.

"Alpha?"

"Is there some other person you expected to find in this bed?"

He feels Will tense up further and pulls back to look into his eyes noticing the fear there.

"N…no."

"Do not lie to me."

Will lets out a long breath as ears sting the corner of his eyes. "I…I didn't remember for a minute," he confesses, "I…I'm used to waking up alone, I'm sorry, Alpha."

Hannibal sits up completely and stares down at him.

"You need to change that way of thinking, Will. You're mine now, and you will not wake up alone again."

Hannibal is surprised when Will blushes and a purr comes out of him before he quickly covers his mouth. He pushes his hand away and grabs Will's neck, pulling up as he kisses

him deeply. It feels like a brand, searing his taste to Will's tongue, and when they part Will's whimper goes right to Hannibal's cock.

"Are you wet?" he asks, breathing in deeply as he starts to smell slick.

"Y…yes."

"Why?"

Will blushes harder. "I…I don't know."

"Yes, you do."

"I…I like it," he says, his voice shaking, "When you touch me."

Hannibal runs his fingers down Will's bare shoulder. "Is there a specific spot you enjoy or just anywhere?"

"I…anywhere."

"You've only just known me for less than twelve hours, Omega. Have your…experiences… made you that quick to be filled? That eager?"

Will blushes and a scowl comes over his face as he looks down. "N…no," he said, "I…I just…"

Hannibal grabs his chin and makes him look up again. "Just *what*?"

Tears fill Will's eyes, and Hannibal has a very strong urge to touch them when they fall.

"No one's ever made my…I've never felt this good," Will whispers, his distress making Hannibal lean in further, "Not ever."

Omegas are very needy creatures, Hannibal knows, requiring constant reassurance and attention. Sexual pleasure, especially to an omega who has never experienced it, is in essence the ultimate attention and reassurance to their importance in an alpha's life. It comes as no surprise that Will has already begun to associate him positively because he is the giver of this gift. Hannibal's plan to build him up and then break him down repeatedly is moving along faster than he could've ever imagined if he's already so warm to him.

It's a higher privilege than he expects it to be, and a bit concerning.

He has no desire to truly mate with Will.

The plan was to just dangle the possibility in front of him every day for the rest of their time together.

But he'd failed to think about his own instincts.

Hannibal's silence must have caused Will distress because his scent worsens and the first tears fall. They're warm but quickly cold to the touch, and Hannibal frowns when he has a need to comfort him.

"It's not very hard to give omegas pleasure," he says, watching Will's lip quiver, "The other alphas must have just enjoyed your suffering."

Will wipes his tears away, sniffling. "Yeah," he says, his voice sounding oddly dull, "I'm used to it."

He cannot help but lean in, wanting to be near, and is about to touch Will's cheek again when he hears the knock on the door indicating room service's arrival. Hannibal notices Will's wide eyed stare and leaves the bedroom, pulling his robe tight, and opens the door.

The tray is larger than he expects, full of several covered dishes, and he quickly gives the young man bringing everything a tip before he pulls it all inside, locking the door tight.

"You…got breakfast?"

Hannibal turns, slightly annoyed that Will left the room without his permission, and pushes the cart across the suite without a response. He sets the food down on the table, and smells Will's approach.

"Thank you, Alpha," Will says, making him pause as he uncovers the last dish.

He does not look at him as he replies. "Sit and eat everything. I do not like food to be wasted."

Will does as he's told, hand shaking a bit as he grabs his fork and knife. Hannibal eats slowly as he watches him, hoping to catch a flaw or a mistake, but finds Will is rather well prepared for eating politely. He does not speak when he eats, mouth closed even as he chews, and not once does he put his elbows on the table.

"You were taught table manners."

He pauses mid-bite, chewing, and then answers. "Yes."

"How old were you?"

"They never stop teaching us at the house," he says, blushing as he doesn't meet Hannibal's gaze, "The lessons just…*change.*"

Hannibal takes a bite of his eggs. "Did you have sexual lessons?"

Will's cheeks get even more red as he shakes his head. "No, they…they just told us what happens."

"Hmm," he says, "Rather cruel not to be more forthcoming. I'm surprised you weren't a lot more frightened with such little experience."

He does look up at him now, eyes teary as again he sees the anger in his eyes. There is a hidden Will, buried deep in years of his life filled with nothing but people hurting him or telling him he needs to listen to alphas, that omegas have no value beyond their parts. He imagines that, if successful in building Will up more, he can see what lies beneath the surface.

“I’ve had *experience*,” Will says, his voice shaking, “Just not…all of it. Remember?”

“I remember.”

Will waits for another response but he goes back to eating, and hears Will’s utensils make noise against the plate. It’s an oddly comfortable silence, the scent of an omega so close helping greatly he’s sure, and Hannibal has an urge to touch Will’s arm across the table but does not. This has to go slowly to work, and to rush everything seems counterproductive.

He looks at Will’s hands, shaking with every move of the fork, and when he finishes his frown just won’t do.

“Do you have possessions at the house? Things you want to bring with you when I take you home?”

The word ‘home’ seems to have an effect, his eyes widening a bit, and his smell gets much better.

“No,” Will says, “I…I don’t want to go back there.”

“What if I told you that you must?”

Will stares at him with genuine fear in his eyes, and the one tear that fell turns into more quickly.

“You…you can’t,” he says, “I….I’d be put in the…”

Hannibal frowns. “I didn't mean to live permanently, Omega,” he reassures, reaching for Will’s wrist, “I meant to get your things and show me your previous life. What did you mean that they’d *put* you somewhere?”

Will sniffles, and he can feel his hand shaking. “I’m….I’m not supposed to say.”

He squeezes Will’s wrist harder, making him wince, and their eyes meet. “You are my property, Will, and no longer theirs. Anything you tell me is entirely safe, and will please me greatly. You do want to please me, don’t you?”

Will’s lip quivers as he nods. “Yes.”

“Then tell me.”

He lets out a shaking breath. “The contracts are….they’re binding but sometimes people *do* come back. They’re either unable to conceive and their alpha or omega gets angry, or…they

just aren't wanted anymore. The house they…they put them in the donation room, and… they're…."

Will closes his eyes and whimpers.

"Donation? What do they donate?"

Will opens his eyes. "Their body," he says, sniffling, "Body parts, and…sometimes before that they're used to…..for sex."

Hannibal frowns.

The breeding houses have always just *been.* He's never quite cared for them, or questioned their business practices, but now his anger rises at the thought. The whores they raise are, of course, property but it's not quite right to treat them as essentially husks without souls is horrific.

"I…I would never send you back there, Omega," he says, looking at Will again, "Not even if you displeased me."

Will sniffles. "Thank you," he says, "I…I'm sorry I said no, I didn't…"

Hannibal doesn't like the sudden tightness in his chest and how badly he wants to comfort Will so he gets up to kiss him. It's a deep kiss, their line of talk over, and he easily lifts him out of the chair carrying Will back to the bed. He lays him down, pulling back, and Will's purring makes him smile.

"Present for me."

Will nods as he moves to stand and watch how wonderfully he obeys, taking off his robe and getting on his hands and knees.

Hannibal presses two fingers inside him as Will suddenly slicks, a large gush, and Hannibal wonders if it's the anticipation of pleasure. He's had omegas who have been quite slick in bed, some so quickly he smells it hours before they have intercourse, but Will seems so eager. He adds a third finger, making him whimper, and Hannibal touches his balls feeling him tense up as he whines.

"Alpha…."

He speeds up the movement of his fingers, and watches Will struggle.

"Don't come until I tell  you."

"Ok," he sighs, "I…I'm so close, I…"

"Be good for me, Will. I know you can be."

Will nods, and Hannibal moves faster as he cries out. "Your slick is so thick this morning," he teases, "I can hardly move my fingers through the thickness."

“I….oh….oh….I….>

Hannibal pulls his fingers out just as he feels Will close, and the relief he sees on his omega’s face makes him smile. “Good boy,” he says, getting up off the bed to lean in whispering to Will’s ear, “Have you tasted your slick, Will?”

“I….no.”

“Will you clean my fingers for me?”

Will purrs, nodding, and Hannibal holds up his wet fingers. The first touch of Will’s tongue makes his cock harder, growling as he runs his tongue between every digit even the ones that aren’t wet.

“You don’t….there is something about being too thorough.”

His amused expression makes Hannibal smirk, and when he sucks up the last of the slick from his index finger Hannibal shudders. He pulls out his hand, sniffs it, and then wipes the remainder of Will’s saliva on his robe. The disappointment he sees there makes him smile.

“Did you think we’d continue exchanging saliva all morning?”

“I just….”

Hannibal moves back onto the bed and Will follows his movements as he positions himself

“The game is over,” he says, coming close and running his palms up Will’s hips, “Are you ready?”

“Y…yes. I….yes, Alpha.”

Hannibal pauses.

*Alpha.*

Yes, he does often enjoy being addressed as such, Will’s never once called him anything else. He frowns.

“Hannibal,” he says, “You are to call me Hannibal and….eventually…..whatever else but not Alpha.”

Will’s eyes widen and his happy scent goes right to Hannibal’s senses.

“Yes, Al….Hannibal.”

The way Will says his name makes  Hannibal growl, and he cannot help but thrust inside him then. He wants to hear his name, more and more, and when he sucks on Will’s neck his purring is so loud it’s almost comical.

If not for the sense of accomplishment he feels at being the reason for Will's sudden burst of happiness.

Strange.

He lifts Will up into his lap, grasping his cock, and Will leans back against him.

"Al…Hannibal," he moans, "Hannibal, *please."*

Hannibal pushes him down again, thrusting erratically until he feels Will spill into his palm. His gasp of surprise is freeing, and Hannibal's knot soon locks making him collapse on Will's back wrapping both arms around him. He bites teasingly on his neck, and Will purrs again.

"Mmm…."

"Your purr is rather….abundant."

He feels Will's sudden tensing, and his purr lessens. "You…you sound like you…you don't like it?"

"No, I…." he turns Will's cheek back to look at him, "I wonder how many have heard it."

Will blushes. "No one," he says, his voice shaking, "Just you."

It's a rather bold confession, and makes Hannibal again feel some sort of need to comfort Will. His hand shakes as he touches his cheek.

"As it should be."

Will smiles, leaning in, and Hannibal allows Will to kiss him for the first time of his own choice. It's a rather quick moment in this process, and he kisses back before scenting his cheeks one by one.

"I….I know you're not nice," Will says, his voice laced with fear, "I know you….you'll never love me but….I'm glad it was you."

Hannibal sighs.

"A high compliment."

Will's purring bursts back to life and he leans into Hannibal's embrace as another comfortable silence begins. Hannibal holds him tight, feeling Will fall asleep again, and as he sleeps Hannibal touches his face.

"*Mine."*

The word alone makes Hannibal's instincts rise, and he nuzzles Will's cheek as he lays behind him. It's surprising how quickly he's become rather fond of his newest possession, and he can't wait to see what else he can make him do.

There are so many possibilities.

And he has all the time in the world.

# Chapter 4

Hannibal lets Will sleep for two hours, answering emails and also ordering Will some clothes. It's not hard to guess his size, he's rather small like most omegas, and they tend to enjoy warm soft colors. It's near checkout time when he goes to retrieve him and finds Will clutching the pillow he'd laid on earlier with his face buried into it by instinct. The connection Will has to him already is progressing nicely, and he thinks for a moment how to wake him.

A kiss would be sufficient, he knows, but rather tender for the relationship he wants to form with his new pet. He does want Will to trust him, rely on him, and while soft touches would do just fine but he has the sudden urge to taste him again.

He pulls down the comforter covering Will's body, barely making him stir, and gently moves him to his back before opening his legs. His content scent will soon be spoiled, and Hannibal growls as his eagerness to be the cause rushes forward. Hannibal wastes no time, shoving his face against Will's opening, tasting little slick but he knows that won't last long. Will moans as his tongue tastes his inner folds, lapping at his hole to seduce his desired response. Hannibal's cock twitches as Will starts to slick, arching up slightly, and his groan makes Hannibal smile.

"Alpha…."

Hannibal moves faster, feeling Will's hand in his hair, and when Will suddenly pulls hard he eagerly swallows down the gush of slick that follows as his pleased purrs fill the air while he pants for breath shaking from the aftermath. He lifts his head, licks his lips and Will stares down at him with an awe normally given to acts of God.

He supposes the pleasure he's given Will has made him near deity in the past twelve hours, and he hopes to be more.

"Sleep well?" he asks, as Will purrs louder, rolling onto his side.

"Y…yeah," he laughs, nervous, "I…I'm sorry I know we need to go."

Hannibal stands, moving to the en suite before he comes back with a washcloth to cleanse Will of his pleasure. "We have time."

Will purrs more, still slightly shaken, and Hannibal watches the way he responds to every touch. The breeding house has bred such obedience into their stock, and while he does appreciate it he'd rather do it himself.

It's not quite so entertaining to have a ready made whore at your service.

He stands to clean the washcloth while he hears Will sitting up, hoping he'll dress without direction but ready to do so if needed. Hannibal hears him groan, and sets the washcloth down to peer into the bedroom finding Will half dressed already.

His suit is a bit wrinkled, but Hannibal cares little as he won't be keeping it for him in the future. He leaves the bathroom and Will turns blushing at his approach.

"Do you need help with your tie?"

Will shakes his head. "No, I…we were taught all that."

"Hmm."

He watches him tie his tie with ease, almost by memory, and while Hannibal himself does the same every single day he can tell Will gets little joy from it. Hannibal waits until he's finished and before Will can turn grabs the tie hard making Will gasp in surprise.

Hannibal says nothing as he unties the tie entirely, pulling it off fast, and puts it into his pocket. He takes Will's arm, leading him out of the room, and as they walk down the hallway he notes if anyone looks at Will with any recognition.

No one does until the clerk's eyes widen a bit, and his blush makes Hannibal's lip curl.

He knows Will is from the breeding house, that much is obvious, and Hannibal makes note of the man's name.

Karl.

Karl scans his key, not looking up. "The room has been paid for an additional night, if you wish to stay it's…."

"No need," Hannibal says, already angry, "I was merely being courteous enough to return the key. Is there anything else I need?"

"No, Sir. I can print you a receipt, but as it's been paid for I…"

"Please."

He watches Karl look at Will again, who seems to realize why, and his distressed scent makes Hannibal angry. Will is his now, and while Hannibal has no plans to mate him he still deserves a modicum of respect.

Karl prints the receipt as Hannibal pulls Will closer, hand at his back, and it does not seem to help his upset. The minute Karl hands Hannibal the useless receipt he grabs his hand hard leaning in to whisper.

"Anything you think you know, you no longer know," he whispers, "I will be reporting you to your supervisor and…if you look at my omega in any way again I will have your life in shatters by the end of your shift."

Karl goes pale. "I….I apologize, Sir, I…" his eyes fill with tears, "Please, I didn't…"

Will purrs as he smiles, leaning closer to Hannibal who knows this is another notch in his trust for Will. He is surprised how much he's enjoying gaining such a thing when his plans

are to shatter it but finds his pleasure at Will's pleasure rises by the hour.

"Have a good day."

He leads Will away, his purr louder than ever, and pulls out his phone to dial the hotel manager.

It doesn't take long, merely seconds, and by the time the valet brings up his Bently Karl is no longer employed. He opens the door for Will, even buckling him in, and is given the keys before he takes his place at the driver's side. Will grabs his arm, his purrs echoing around the car.

"T…thank you," Will whispers, "You…you didn't have to do that."

Hannibal wraps his hand around Will's neck tight enough to make him gasp, but his purr does not lessen.

"Yes, I did."

Will blinks back tears as he lets go, and before they've even pulled away Will is laying against his shoulder. It's a comfort gesture, the need in his pet growing, and he's confident that by the end of the month Will's desperation to be his mate will be so heavy he'll do just about anything to please him.

He says nothing and turns on some classical music as he drives, listening to Will's accompanying purr, and when he's halfway home Will is asleep. Hannibal does not need to look, it's obvious by the weight of Will on him, and he plans on carrying him inside so it's of little matter.

Hannibal calls the grocer, ordering some sweet things to be delivered he knows omegas enjoy, and by the time he pulls into the garage he gets the notification the order will arrive soon. He parks, closing the garage door, and gets out to retrieve Will who eagerly falls into his arms not even waking.

He carries him to his bedroom, taking off Will's suitcoat, and leaves him there in time to get the groceries. The driver is overly friendly when Hannibal answers the door, talking about nonsense he cares little to hear, and he leaves the man a terrible review after he puts everything away.

Will comes down twenty two minutes later wearing his robe and Hannibal can see he's taken off his suit.

"Good boy," he says, making Will blush, "Making yourself right at home."

Will purrs. "I…it's ok?"

"Yes, I rather disliked the suit. It will go in the trash as it hardly fit you properly."

"Oh."

Hannibal comes up to him, touching Will's cheek, and he nuzzles his hand instantly.

"Sleep well?"

"It's a nice bed."

"Yes, it is," Hannibal says, "I plan on fucking you there soon."

Will's purr increases. "Not now?"

"No. I'd like to…discuss some rules with you now."

His purr leaves instantly, as if it had never existed, and Hannibal can smell his instant distress.

"Rules?"

Hannibal goes to the refrigerator and retrieves the strawberries he already cut and put away into a glass container, lifting the lid and placing it in front of Will on the counter.

"Eat."

Will does, still looking forlorn, and he watches him for a moment waiting for a question.

There are none.

"Do you like rules, Will?"

Will's face contorts slightly as his nose twitches, and his frown deepens. "I'm supposed to listen to my alpha."

"Yes, of course," he says, coming closer now, "But do you like rules?"

He looks down at the strawberries and takes another, eating before he speaks again.

"I don't have any….I can't not like rules, Alpha."

Hannibal lifts his chin up and makes Will look into his eyes. His defiant, angry glare brings a smile to Hannibal's face.

"But you do not like them."

"Alpha…."

"Answer me now or I will punish you. You have no idea what I can do now that we're alone completely with no one to question if you scream."

Will pales, his distress rising, and he starts to tremble. "I…I don't," he says, tears filling his eyes, "I don't like rules."

"At all or just some?"

“At all,” he confesses, his voice shaking, “I don’t like rules at all.”

“Why?”

A tear falls down his cheek. “Because not…not all rules are…for….it’s not good. They’re not all good.”

Hannibal caresses his cheek. “So you’d like good rules, if they were to protect you?”

More tears fall as he whimpers. “I don’t….are you gonna hurt me?”

“Not if you answer me.”

“As long as,” he sniffles, “As long as they’re not to…hurt me I can like them maybe.”

Hannibal leans in and kisses the tears on both his cheeks side to side.

“You’ve pleased me,” he says, making Will relax, “No pain for you today.”

Will sighs. “You…you promise?”

“Yes.”

He leans forward against Hannibal’s shoulder. “I….I don’t….I….I need…”

Hannibal lifts his head back, and looks into Will’s eyes. “Do you want pleasure, Will? Tell me and it’s yours.”

He blushes as he whimpers, nodding, and Hannibal shakes his head.

“Tell me.”

“Please,” he says, “I….I want…I need to feel good.”

Hannibal smiles. “Let’s go upstairs then, yes?”

Will slumps against Hannibal as he leads him out of the kitchen, leaving the strawberries but caring very little. He’s pliant now, desperate to be rewarded, and Hannibal plans on rewarding him for such obedience.

“You please me,” he says, making Will purr, “I know I frighten you, and I…I am not very warm but you do please me.”

Will clutches his waist then, purring louder. “Alpha…”

He touches the back of Will’s neck, teasing his mating gland, and he shudders.

“I’m very glad I went to the viewing,” he whispers, “I almost didn’t, you know. You almost could’ve gone home with another alpha. Would you have liked that?”

Will clutches him harder, shaking his head.

“No? I’m surprised. A lot of the alphas there….”

“Were worse,” Will hisses, “I….I knew a lot of them, I…” he whimpers as they step into his bedroom, “I knew them.”

Hannibal pauses, turning Will to make him look up, and he growls.

“They were among those who’ve hurt you?”

“Yes.”

“I expect some names, or descriptions when you’re ready.”

A tear falls down Will’s cheek. “Why? No one can hurt me but you?”

“Yes.”

Will sighs. “I…I just…I don’t want to be scared anymore.”

“Even if I do hurt you, Omega,” he whispers, loosening his grip as he leans in to scent Will’s cheek, “That’s just not possible in nature. Fear is what drives us to strive and get better. Having no fear would just make you reckless and you’d much rather enjoy being under a powerful alpha’s control than recklessly with someone lesser, wouldn’t you?”

He smiles when Will nuzzles back slowly, his fear still there, and Hannibal begins to back them up into the bedroom more, pulling Will’s robe open.

“You’ve been very good for me today, Will,” he says, “So I will reward you with what you need. I may not be warm, or very nice but…I always keep my promises.”

Hannibal finishes the buttons and exposes Wil’s chest fully, pushing him down onto the bed as he leans over him. He licks across his neck, side to side as Will moans, and he even teases a bite making him arch up with shocked gasps of surprise.

“So eager,” he whispers, “You’ve never had it so well, have you? Feeling so scared and yet so pleased?”

Will moans. “N…no,” he admits, “I…I’m still…glad…it was you. I…I wanted it to be you when I….I saw you.”

Hannibal lifts his head, surprised, and moves up to look down at Will as his hands are pressed at both sides of Will’s head. “When you were paraded out for my view?”

His cheeks flush deeper, tears still wet, and Hannibal touches his face feeling his warmth. It’s not a heat, but it no doubt feels similar. His addiction to pleasure is quite charming, and Hannibal enjoys the scent of him as he succumbs so it’s not an inconvenience when he himself gets pleasure in return.

“N…no,” Will admits, “I…I saw you when you came in and sat…you…you were the only one not…talking to the others. You…you looked mad to be there.”

Hannibal smiles. “Did I?”

Will nods. “I…I knew you were a thor…ough…bred. I…I’ve never…never met one like you before.”

“Explain.”

“Alpha….”

Hannibal leans down to squeeze his nipple, making him moan. “Explain and I will fuck you properly, Will. I’ll fuck you till you can’t walk, and then continue with my knot until you feel so taken you’ll rest for hours. Explain how I differ from the other monsters you’ve met.”

Will whines, his aroused scent making Hannibal’s cock press against his trousers. His pupils are dilated, and Hannibal can smell his slick from here. The bed will soon be drenched in it, and he finds he does not care.

“You’re…better,” Will says, making him puff up with pride, “They were all…everyone… they all watched you the whole time. You were…the one everyone wanted in that room more than the…the….”

Hannibal moves to his other nipple, gently flicking his thumb across, and Will whimpers.

“Merchandise?”

“Y…yes.”

Hannibal kisses him deeply, making Will shudder, and when he pulls back he puts both hands on his face.

“I see no lie in your eyes,” he whispers, his thumb brushing Will’s cheek, “But I think you could be a very good liar, if given the time.”

A tear falls down his face. “Why would I lie to you? I have no….there’s nothing in it for me.”

Hannibal smiles. “You do not think alphas enjoy being complimented?”

“I…I do, but…”

“You know I enjoy watching you in both pleasure and pain, so lying would get you the tender touch you so desperately want. Would it not?”

Will purrs. “I just want you to touch me,” he admits, sniffling, “I just…I don’t care how if it ends in…you…”

“Fucking you?”

“Yesss….”

He kisses his forehead. “Good boy,” he whispers, closing his eyes as he breathes him in, “Now….take off your robe and let me see how much you want me.”

Will sighs as he’s forced to disentangle himself from Hannibal for even a moment, standing on shaky legs but manages. His eyes never leave Hannibal’s as he lets his robe fall, obviously aroused, and Hannibal takes off his own clothes as Will stands there exposed. He can smell Will’s slick, and is ravenous when he sees it gliding already down his thighs.

“My pretty little whore,” he growls, “So wet for me. No one else made you so, did they?”

“No,” Will sighs, “I…”

He kicks the robe to the side as he comes closer and Hannibal would scold him for his rudeness of not folding but cares little at the moment. A quick look up and down Will’s person shows how desperate he is already, and it’s beautiful to see.

“Lie on the bed and get into position for me, Omega.”

Hannibal doesn’t move from where he sits, and Will maneuvers himself doing just as he’s told. He’s sweating slightly and when Hannibal touches his hip he trembles.

“Do you like it when I call you Omega?” he asks, moving behind him.

“I….I don’t know,” Will admits.

“Did the others do so?”

“Yes.”

Hannibal’s lip curls. “Then I will refrain.”

He touches Will’s hips, making him moan, and suddenly is too frustrated to properly disrobe and kicks off his own trousers. His cock is strained against his briefs as he rubs it against Will’s wet willing hole, making him whimper.

“What about…whore?”

Will’s scent changes almost instantly.

“No then?”

“I….if you like it, I don’t…”

He peels down his briefs, growling as he loses them entirely over his shoulder, and presses his cock against Will’s hole not thrusting in.

“Tell me now or I will just ejaculate over your ass to claim you without penetration.”

Will hisses. “YOU PROMISED!” he yells, looking back at him angrily, “You said….”

“I said I would pleasure you,” he growls, nails digging into Will’s sides, “I never promised I would fuck you.”

“Yes, you did,” Will says, tears in his eyes, “You said you don’t break promises and…”

Hannibal’s anger gets the better of him and he quickly turns Will over, growling as he pins him down. Will whimpers as he stares into his eyes, teeth aching, and a tear falls down Will’s cheek.

“I may enjoy you,” he says, “But you do NOT dictate me. DO YOU UNDERSTAND?”

“Y…yes, I….I’m sorry, Alpha.”

He stares at him silently, trying to calm, and when Will reaches up to touch him he does not push him away. It’s a calming gesture, not one he expects, and Hannibal blinks as Will calmly pets his cheek.

“What are…there’s no need,” he says, grabbing his hand.

Will’s lip quivers. “I don’t…I don’t like it when you’re…you get mad.”

“Of course not,” he scoffs, “Omegas…”

“I don’t like it,” Will says, glaring, “You asked me what I like and I don’t like that. You…you can…hurt me if you’re mad, I…I’ve been hurt so much it doesn’t matter but I don’t have to like it.”

He frowns. “No, you do not.”

Hannibal sighs as he looks down at him.

“Boy,” he says, as Will’s pupils dilate, “Did they call you Boy?”

“Yes,” Will whispers, “It…I don’t want to talk about….them”

Hannibal holds Will’s hand in place over his cheek. “You may not, but I do. Tell me what they called you.”

More tears fill his eyes.

“You can just choke me, it would hurt less,” he says, his voice shaking.

“Perhaps, but I am asking and you will tell me.”

Will closes his eyes.

“Boy whore,” he whispers, “filthy boy…..dirty…boy….”

Hannibal leans in and nuzzles his cheek. “Sweet boy,” he whispers, making Will shiver, “Hungry, desperate, wet boy….”

Will whimpers. “Alpha…”

“Are you hungry for my cock, Will? Desperate to be fucked?”

He moans. “Please.”

Hannibal sighs.

“I did promise you pleasure,” he says, “And you’ve been so forthcoming with my questions….I’ll give you what you want.”

Will lets out a sob. “Alpha…”

“Hannibal,” he says, kissing Will’s neck, “Call me Hannibal.”

Will’s purr gets louder, so loud Hannibal’s almost sure he can feel it inside him, and he shouldn’t let his instincts rule him already but he teases a bite while Will groans.

“Say it.”

“H…Hanni…bal…” Will moans, “Hannibal, please…please…pl…”

He growls, moving back quickly, and lifts Will’s legs up onto his shoulders.

“Look at me, Sweet Boy, look at who’s about to fuck you. Look!”

Will looks up, eyes glazed over with need, and before he can even moan Hannibal thrusts inside him. He cries out, digging his nails into Hannibal’s back, and he thrusts forward groaning at his perfect wet warmth. It’s amazing how wet Will has become, the quick glide making his thrusts more erratic, and he kisses Will hard smashing their mouths together to taste.

Hannibal has been with omegas before, desperate eager little sluts who’ve been openly indulged their whole lives, and none of them are as wanton as the one in his arms. Will’s desperate need to feel pleasure now that he’s had it makes Hannibal that much more eager to addict him to more. He pulls back, biting Will’s neck with teasing nips, making him whimper as he grips Hannibal’s hair.

“Hannibal, Hannibal, Hanni….oh god…please…please don’t…don’t stop. Oh, oh….please….”

He can feel his knot already starting to tighten, and this is not going to plan but he does not mind. Hannibal sucks where he’s bitten, reveling in the vibration of Will’s purrs, and when he reaches for his already dripping cock it’s over.

Will comes with a groan, nearly screaming, and Hannibal would normally scold him for succumbing first but he does not. He thrusts harder, growling, and Will gasps thrusting back with every undulation.

“Knot me,” he hisses, “Fill me up, Alph….Hannibal….fill me….fill me up, please…I need your knot…..I….”

Hannibal’s knot comes without warning, making him cry out in surprise, but he does not stop his thrusts. He pulls back, staring into Will’s beautiful blue eyes, and watches him succumb again tears filing his eyes as he nearly passes out entirely from being so overwhelmed. He presses the wet, sweaty hair from his forehead and smiles.

“Good boy,” he praises, seeing Will’s pleased smile widen, “Look at you, being so bold to order my knot. Did you like that, me filling you wet eager little hole after your order?”

Will purrs. “Y…yes.”

“I kept my promise, didn’t I?”

“Yes.”

“Now,” he says, turning them as Will wraps his legs around him, “Rules.”

Will tenses up instantly. “You…you’re serious?”

“I never said that I’d changed my mind about the rules, Will. Did I?”

He sighs. “No.”

“Well then,” he says, touching his cheek. “The first will be that you will be almost entirely nude when we’re alone. No questions asked. You can wear a robe, of course, but I want to be able to do what I please with you at all times.”

Will smiles. “Ok.”

“Rule two,” he continues, “You will be punished if you do not do as you’re told, and you do not get a say in how.”

His smile fades. “Ok.”

“No objections?”

“No.”

“You’ve had them before and somehow maneuvered your way out of them,” he says, still smiling, “I will not always be so nice or so easily manipulated.”

Will bites his lip, still looking sour as Hannibal’s knot pulses inside him.

“You have something to say?”

“No.”

Hannibal thrusts forward and Will moans. “No?”

“Hanni…bal….I….I didn’t…I haven’t manipulated you.”

“No?”

“No.”

“Hmm,” he frowns, “I suppose we can agree to disagree.”

Will smiles. “I guess we can.”

“Rule three…..you will be honest with me at all times. No questions asked.”

His smile fades. “Ok.”

Hannibal frowns.

“And the rest….I will think of as we go along.”

Will relaxes, putting an arm around Hannibal’s neck, and he’s surprised when he scents him.

“Ok.”

“You’re being very compliant,” he says, “Nothing to retort?”

“No, I…I just….I feel good.”

“I see.”

“No one’s ever…I….” he blushes, “I wouldn’t mind if you called me those things,” he says, “Anything. You can call me anything.”

Hannibal frowns. “Anything.”

A tear falls down his cheek. “Yeah,” he says, smiling painfully, “You…you’re my alpha, not…not them. I…I might not ever be…you won’t love me but you’ll take care of me and you…you won’t treat me too badly. I…I know you won’t.”

“Do you? I could hurt you, Sweet Boy. I could do whatever I pleased.”

“I know,” Will says, whimpering, “I just…I don’t want to think about them anymore just… you can ask me later I just…please?”

He touches Will’s cheek. “As you wish,” he sighs, “For now.”

Will sighs and pulls him in closer. “I’d rather be your whore than theirs.”

Hannibal’s chest aches and he doesn’t like it.

He doesn’t like this at all.

But he doesn’t pull away - can’t really - and only pulls Will closer as he purrs.

This is his life now, his every day, and his plans have not changed. He can be tender to Will now and break him later.

Right now he just…he wants to be what Will needs.

Later he can be the monster again.

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